

636

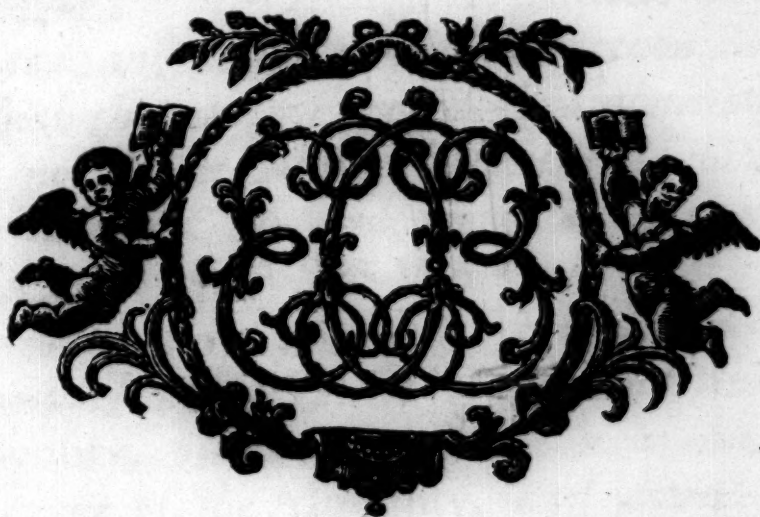
POEMS.

By WILLIAM BOWMAN, M. A. 4
VICAR of Dewsbury in Yorkshire.

*Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier, quod
Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis ledat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, & Varius, Mecenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, & probet hæc Octavius optimus, atque
Fuscus; & hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque.*

HOR. Sat. x.

THE SECOND EDITION Corrected.




L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL, in *Burleigh Street* in the
Strand. 1732. Price 1 s. 6 d.



TO THE READER.

 OETRY has this Advantage peculiar to it self, that while all other Arts and Sciences are limited and confin'd within certain Bounds which they cannot exceed, this alone admits of no Limitation; all Nature submits to its Jurisdiction, and every Thing is a Subject for Verse. The Muses range free and uncontroll'd o'er all the boundless and incomprehensible Tracts of Eternity and Imensity, pierce even to the tremendous Throne of the Almighty, and down again to the gloomy Regions of Darkness.

iv. An ESSAY on POETRY.

The Power of Poetry over human Passions, the Agreeableness and Pleasure it continually carries along with it, even to the meanest Capacities, is universally known and acknowledged. Hence its Usefulness is so naturally deducible, that it is almost needless to mention it. Hence it is, that the most profitable Rules for the Oeconomy of Life, in every Character and Condition, have so often, and with such Success, been inculcated by it. Philosophy, Religion, History, Politicks, and Manners have receiv'd no inconsiderable Advantages therefrom. Poetry pleases, while it instructs, persuades, while it dictates, and forces with Complaisance. In all Ages, and in all Nations, the greatest Princes have avow'd their Respect, and courted its Favours : Nor has it been less respectfully receiv'd in the Camp, than the Court. As for its Antiquity, I believe it may be truly plac'd contemporary with the Invention of Letters ; so that some have undertaken to prove, that Prose is only an Imitation of Poetry.

And as all Arts and Sciences whatever have always been subject to the common
Changes

AN ESSAY on POETRY. v.

Changes and Revolutions of Fortune, so Poetry seems likewise to have had its Periods of Decay and Perfection, in a Manner more frequent and more peculiar to it self, than any other. For if we consider its State and Condition, only in England, from Chaucer down to the present Age, we shall, I believe, always find it correspondent to the Temper of the Prince; so that the flourishing of Poetry, and the Happiness of our Nation, have generally gone Hand in Hand together.

Hence we may reasonably conclude, that Poetry has something more sublime and transcendent, more important and divine in its Nature than other Sciences have, since its Revolutions depend more immediately upon the Dispensations of Providence. For since it seems connected with the State of the Nation, this with the Temper and Disposition of the Monarch, and as Heaven generally rewards and punishes a Nation by its Prince; the Dependence seems inseparable.

Must it not then seem strange that so glorious a Science should be so miserably neglected and abandon'd in this famous University of Cambridge? (otherwise the most
illustrious

vi. An ESSAY on POETRY.

illustrious Seminary of Learning in the World) Philosophy, Divinity, and the other grave Parts of Literature have so intirely bere ingross'd the Study of the whole Body, that Poetry can scarce find Admittance, even at the most idle and unemploy'd Hours.

To what Cause this may be attributed, whether to the Dullness and Foggyness of the Clime, which generally disposes its Inhabitants to a natural Gravity, and disagreeable Melancholly, or to an Abhorrence, conceiv'd from the Corruptness of Poetry in these latter Days, I shall not determine. This, at least, I am sure, it is a Study no Way unworthy the most accomplish'd Gentleman, provided it be only the Employment of his leisure Hours, and not pursued to the Interruption of more profitable Studies.

Such are the following Sheets, begun and ended by a long Interval of Time, as my Humour, Inclination, or Want of other Business prompted me. It has always been a Rule with me, to let as little of my Time as possible lay uselefs upon my Hands : It is with this View I have sometimes been induc'd to write. And as Poetry has always
appear'd

AN ESSAY on POETRY. vii.

appear'd to me in its full Lustre, my Inclinations have often carry'd me to it. As these Poems therefore are only the Product of my leisure Hours, and as I am but a Poet by Accident; let this, and my Zeal for that noble Science, atone for the Errors that will certainly be found in them.

Such has been my Resentment at its visible Diminution and Decay here, that I was even obliged to assert its Excellence: Tho' probably it may be at my own Expence, and my Defence may reflect more Dishonour upon it, than the Silence of others. But since the Design is good, let the Intent justify the Action, where even an unsuccessful Attempt is laudable.

I am not ignorant to what insults and Inconveniencies I here expose my self. There is a Prejudice naturally arising against the Performances of young Men, which can scarce ever be got over, how good soever they happen to be. This is owing to an eager Desire of excelling inherent in every one, and an Emulation too often bordering upon Envy. They cannot bear to think, that one much younger than themselves should pretend

viii. AN ESSAY on POETRY.

pretend to please or instruct them. But as this, for the most Part, is only the Temper of base degenerate Minds, I shall equally despise their Censures, with those of the sour ill-natur'd Critic, whose Business is to dispraise, and whose Fame is ever to be built upon the Ruin of others.

I should be altogether wanting to my Duty, did I not inform the World, that the most correct of the following Pieces have been revised and corrected by an eminent Hand. Nor must I forget the Obligations I receiv'd from an ingenious Gentleman, Fellow of Trinity-College in this University, in amending some and pointing out many Errors committed in the first writing; so that it is owing to Them that there are fewer Faults, than would otherwise have been.

But, to conclude, such as they are, I submit them to the Public, and if the Reader receives half the Pleasure from reading, which I did in writing, I shall not think my Pains ill bestow'd; but rejoice that I have once had an Opportunity of pleasing.

JESUS GROVE.

Inscrib'd to a LADY.

SHALL *Cooper's-Hill* in lofty Numbers rise,
And in majestic Rhime support the Skies?
Shall *Windsor-Forest* in smooth Language flow,
In sounds as soft as gentle *Zephirs* blow?
Shall *Merton-Walks* be thro' the World renown'd,
And with Eternity of Verse be crown'd?
Shall ev'ry Thicket rear it's Head in Song,
And tow'r immortal by the tuneful Throng?
And shall my Muse Thee, lovely GROVE, forget,
Thy happy Shades and ever dear Retreat?
Shall JESUS GROVE no grateful Poet find,
To sing the various Beauties there combin'd?
Yes; I will sing, and thou shalt be my Theme,
Glory of Groves, and darling Care of Fame.

Celia, this Off'ring of my Muse receive,
Nor scorn the tributary Lays I give;
From you my humble Lines Protection claim,
As yet inglorious, and without a Name.

2 JESUS GROVE.

O wou'd the *God* my feeble Thoughts inspire,
And warm my ravish'd Breast with equal Fire !
What heav'nly Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,
And *Pope's* harmonious *Forest* yield to mine !

Some Pow'r convey me to the pleasing Groves,
Where sport the *Graces*, and the wanton *Loves* ;
To *Cyprian* Shades, and soft *Idalian* Bowers,
Cytheron's Vales or happy *Paphian* Towers :
O wou'd the whistling Winds a Moment stay,
And kindly waft me thro' the arduous Way !
O cou'd I ride the wand'ring Clouds and Skies !
Or snoring on the *Martlet's* Pinions rise !
Fain wou'd I go, Companion of their Flight,
Where fair *Hesperia* opens to the Sight.

And now, methinks, the beauteous Climes appear,
And *Tivoli's* delightful Vales are here ;
Here *Larius* rises lovely to my View,
With Citron Groves, and Flowers of various Hue ;
Parthenope her blissful Shades extends,
And *Anxur's* soft retreat the fainting Swain befriends ;

There

There silent *Liris* creeps in solemn Train,
And seeks thro' flow'ry Lawns the distant Main;
Thro' painted Meadows smooth *Clitumnus* glides,
And gently murmurs to the fruitful Sides.

Hail, happy Scenes! in deathless Numbers live,
And Honours due, nay more than due receive;
Tho' Fiction oft has shed a spurious Blaze,
And round ye cast a Gleam of borrow'd Rays,
Yet ye are fair; lovely inviting Clime,
Thy Beauties worthy of immortal Rhime.

But, ah! *Hesperia* ne'er shall rival thee,
My charming Grove, and fairer far then she;
Tho' ev'ry Beauty, the whole Country yields
Thro' all her verdant Plains, and various Fields,
Tho' all her Blessings shou'd conspire to grace,
With sweet Variety, one happy Place,
The whole appears a poor inglorious Scene,
A fainter Prospect, and a darker Green:
Tho' Thickets shou'd with tender Myrtles bloom,
And common Weeds send forth a rich Perfume;

Tho' purple Grapes adorn the crouded Vine,
 And the full Clusters swell with gen'rous Wine,
 Yet JESUS GROVE o'er all majestic Tow'rs,
 And in its brighter Rays the sylvan World obscures.

As when the rising Sun forsakes his Bed,
 And glows refulgent thro' the sick'ning Red,
 No more the Stars their twink'ling Gleams display,
 Lost and extinguish'd in superior Day.

Where-e'er I turn my ever wand'ring Eyes,
 What awful Sights, and beauteous Prospects rise!
Elysium's Shades in ev'ry Step I find,
 And *Paradise* still opens to my Mind:
 Methinks I dwell in *Hemus*, happy Seats,
 Or in *Thessalian Tempe's* green Retreats,
 Secure from Winter's Cold, or Summer's raging

Heats :
 Where, ever, dwells the gently cooling Breeze
 Of Zephirs whistling thro' the waving Trees.

Here lavish Nature shines in all her Pride,
 And spreads her gaudy Pomp on ev'ry Side:

JESUS GROVE,

3

Long Rows of Elm, a grateful Horror shed,
A gloomy Brightness, and a twilight Shade,
Where soft *Etesian* Gales for ever blow,
And cheer with downy Blasts the Plains below.

How am I pleas'd the lovely Bounds to trace,
Traverse the Walks, and view the heav'nly Place!
Sweet Melancholly all around is seen,
Dwells in the Shade, or broods upon the Green,
To pleasing Sadness ev'ry Sense invites,
And Contemplation in the Mind excites.

The feather'd Choir here ope their little Throats,
And warble constant their harmonious Notes,
In gamefome Mood they hop from Spray to Spray,
And all the Year their sylvan Songs essay;
Sweetly the Ev'ning *Nightingales* complain,
And Morning *Linnets* sound a lovely Strain.

Hail sacred Walks, which Holy Feet * have press'd!
And solemn Shades with sage Religion blest'd!

* JESUS COLLEGE was a NUNNERY.

Hail too, ye neighb'ring Domes, by Virtue rais'd, I
 And with the Gifts of Piety emblaz'd!
 Here blooming Virgins to Retirement drew,
 Who bade the World, tho' warm in Youth, adieu,
 With Thoughts compos'd, Affections always even,
 Desires controul'd, and Souls that pant for Heaven:
 Here Grace divine shed it's sereneest Beams,
 And prompting Angels scatter'd golden Dreams,
 Still awful Arches stretch along the Ground,
 Still the lone Iles in hollow Murmurs found:
 Still the dim Windows shed a dark'ning Ray,
 A dusky Sunshine, and a doubtful Day.

But hold, my Muse, a nobler Theme pursue,
 Who can deny a Verse to * *Cranmer* due?
Cranmer the Tribute of my Song requires,
 Religion smiles, and *Britain's* Fate inspires.

Ye, verdant Turfs, his sacred Weight have borne,
 And ye, blest Paths his hallow'd Steps have worn:

* *Archbishop CRANMER* was of this College.

Ye, conscious Trees have seen the Godlike Man,
 With musing Thoughts his future Labours scan;
 Here the long Plan of *Albion's* Peace was laid,
 And haughty *Rome* was baffled in this Shade;
 To thee, *great Man*, our Liberty we owe,
 By thee our Breasts with pure Ardour glow.

O how the Muse unwilling turns her Eyes,
 To view the Scenes of Blood that backward rise!
 Long Seams of Wounds with ghastly Glare affright,
 And dented Scars dishonest to the Sight.

While lazy Monks bore universal Sway,
 Or Kings more cruel, and more Fools than they;
 Heroes with Men in purple Streams expire,
 Or breathe their last in rolling Sheets of Fire,
 The Years thro' Vales of Sorrows pass'd away,
 Death reign'd the savage Sport of every Day;
 Till *Cranmer* rising, hush'd the World to Peace,
 Made *Roman* Power and Superstition cease;
 Who, while he conquer'd in Religion's Cause,
 Triumphant Dy'd, a Prey to wicked Laws.

Rise Groves of Laurel from thy awful Tomb,
 Swell fragrant Bays, and Myrtles ever bloom;
 With painted Flow'rs let thy sad Grave be dress'd,
 Light lie the Earth, and gently touch thy Breast:
 Ah! smile Propitious on thy native Land,
 Plants of thy Strength, and Children of thy Hand:
 See the glad Years in long Succession run,
 Full fraught with Joys, thy parent Hand begun:
 No more shall *Rome* her hated Banners spread,
 Her Precepts sacred, or her Rites obey'd:
 Religion now displays a purer Flame,
 And flows untainted in a clearer Stream.

Hail happy Time! hail long expected Days!
 That *Britain's* Glory to the Stars shall raise!
 The Time is near, if right the Muse divine,
 That *Albion* o'er the *Continent* shall shine;
 While her fam'd Sons illustrious *GEORGE* obey,
 Great by his Laws, and happy by his Sway;
 While *Townshend* watches with Paternal Fear,
 And, for his Country, wastes himself with Care;

While

While WALPOLE ev'ry Patriot's Art employs,
And *Europe*, by his Counsel, Peace enjoys.

'Twas here, to these sequester'd Shades retir'd,
Some Angel *Pearson*'s sacred Breast inspir'd.*

From him such blest Instructions we receive,
Learn how to Think, and how we must Believe;
Such heav'nly Truths adorn his Manly page,
So full his Sense, and so sublime his Rage;
Such easy Beauties in his Diction shine,
We stand amaz'd, and own the Work divine.

Ageria thus her Fav'rite *Numa* met,
And thus instructed in a dark Retreat,
He form'd, with wholesome Laws, a happy State.

With Rapture fir'd I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
And view the Meadow that below me lies:
There wanton *Flora* all her Gifts bestows,
Fair Greens arise, and Grass unbidden grows;

* *Bishop PEARSON*, Author of that incomparable Exposition of the Apostles Creed, was Master of JESUS COLLEGE.

Here, Flow'rs unrear'd on ev'ry Bed abound,
 And with spontaneous Beauty cloath the Ground;
 There, gentle Streams in murm'ring Eddies play,
 Wash the green Turf, and o'er the Pebbles stray.

Cloſe by its Sides, majestically flow,
Cam's silver Streams in soft Meanders flow;
 Stately he draws along his watry Store,
 Thro' the long Windings of a happy Shore;
 Thro' fruitful Fields and Pastures sweeps his Way,
 And grateful, cloaths 'em with eternal *May*,
 Bleſt Banks! where *Thryſſ** tun'd his warbling
 Lyre,

Sweet as his Love, and equal to his Fire:
 Emerging *Nai'ads* here the *Poet* taught,
 And *Goddeſſes* instructed as he wrote.
 Whether he ſings in *Piſcatory* Strains,
 How *Thelgon* ſighs, or *Tomalin* complains;

* *Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER, Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, an excellent Poet. He flouriſhed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. He wrote The Purple Iſland, a Poem, and ſome Piſcatory Eclogues highly commended.*

How *Algon* pines at proud *Nicæa*'s Scorn,
 Or *Celia* suff'ring *Myrtilus* to mourn;
 Or whether higher Themes provoke the Song,
 And human Nature happy Lays prolong;
 So great each Thought, each easy word so clear,
 Th' inspiring Maids in ev'ry Line appear:
 Great *Colin* * smiles, adopts him for his own,
 And fondly triumphs in so bright a Son.
 Hail lovely Flood! hail celebrated Stream!
 The deathless Muse's unexhausted Theme!
 Never shalt thou in dull Oblivion lie,
 Thy Fountains silent, or thy Channels dry;
 So often sung in smooth Poetic Lays,
 Thy Fame with Scorn the poorer *Nile* surveys,
 Tow'rs o'er the *Tyber* in immortal Verse,
 And shines where-e'er the Poet's Works can pierce;
 On thy smooth Surface Forests learn to move,
 And wand'ring Trees forget their native Grove;

* That Immortal Bard, MR. EDMUND SPENSER.

By thee, we taste whatever *India* yields,
 And the blest Products of *Sabea* Fields;
 Riches immense along thy Channel flow,
 And *Ophir's* Seeds with gay Refulgence glow.

When hoary Winter chills the frozen Skies,
 Stops the dull Waves, and hardens 'em to Ice;
 If rapid Show'rs, of late descending Rains,
 Have rais'd its Streams above the neighboring
 Plains,

What Crouds of *Gownsmen* o'er its Surface
 glide,

Spread all around, and blacken ev'ry Side!
 Some in protracted Rows move soft along,
 The pliant Chrystal bends beneath the Throng;
 Others on Scates a swifter Motion dare,
 Skim the smooth Top, and seem to tread in Air.

Now Earth relenting to the Sun gives Way,
 And the bleak Season feels a kinder Ray;
 The patient *Angler* pensive takes his Stand,
 And fits the Tackle to the bending Wand.

Oft have I seen, when rous'd from genial Mud,
 The silver *Eel* has left her Parent Flood,
 In winding Folds, and many a mazy Spire,
 With fruitless Hopes, and impotent Desire,
 She pants for Waves which she must never reach,
 And breathes out Life upon the verdant Beach.
 Here *Perch* and *Carp* lie flouncing in the Sand,
 And the voracious *Pike* still threatens on the Strand.

Now shoots the falling Sun a feeble Ray,
 And lengthen'd Shadows show the close of Day;
 The dying Gales scarce pant upon the Trees,
 Or nod the Branches to the languid Breeze:
 Now fairer *Flowers* adorn the painted Mead,
 And living Charms thro' the bright *Landscape* spread:
 A thousand Beauties breathe the Ev'ning Air,
 Frisk thro' the Lawn, or walk at Pleasure here,
 Bright as the Sun, and more than *Venus* fair,
 Here *C---n's* Eyes project a fiercer Light,
 And lovely *W-----re* charms the ravisht Sight;

Here

Here ~~F~~'s immortal Freshness still appears,
Looks gay in Age, and yet unchang'd by Years.

Ye wand'ring Youths, who haunt these shady
Woods,

Or walk the Margins of yon chrystal Floods,
If e'er your Fortune shews the *Fair* I sing,
Or to their conscious Walks ye thoughtless bring,
Admire with Caution, nor approach too nigh,
Lovely they are, but, as ye gaze, ye die.

So the pleas'd Child pursues the crested Snake,
And hunts his Beauties in the pathless Brake,
Loves the bright Lustre of his Scales to view,
His sparkling Eyes, and Breast of various Hue;
Tho' from his Jaws he shoots his forky Tongue,
And swells and hisses as he rolls along;
Yet, spite of Danger, he leaps boldly on,
O'ertakes, and catches, smiles, and is undone.

Hard by old *Cambridge*, with majestic Dread,
(An awful Prospect) rears aloft her Head.

What

What heav'nly Beauties there the Muse describes;
 Her gilded Spires, and Tow'rs that prop the Skies!
 Hail ever lovely, ever sacred *Seats*,
 Ease of our Cares, and Learning's blest Retreats!
 On thy lov'd Praise how cou'd I ever dwell!
 Join Truth to Truth, and into Volumes swell!
 Thou too, *Emanuel*, whose growing Fame
 Rises proportion'd to thy sacred Name;
 Fain wou'd I sing of thee, and tune my Lays
 To the long Records of eternal Praise;
 Fain wou'd I fit thee to my trembling String,
 And bless the Walls where first I learnt to sing.
 Here might the Muse immortal Trophies boast,
 And in the Maze of endless Works be lost;
 But lower Themes my humble Verse require,
 False to so great a Task, and of unequal Fire.

Now might I sing what Wares the *Merchants*
 spread
 In *Houses*, scatter'd thro' th' enamell'd Mead, *

* About *Midsummer* here is kept a famous Mart, call'd Pot-Fair.

What Heaps of Wealth along thy Plains are shown,
 Gaily adorn'd with Riches not their own;
 But, ah! I fear the Muse has fool'd too long,
 Tedious the Length, and unadorn'd the Song.

Delightful GROVE! had Nature bid it rise
 In Ages past, had former Mortal's Eyes
 The Prospect seen, here had the Poets made
 The Seat of happy Souls, *Elysium's* blissful Shade:
 Its verdant Plains may vie with those below,
 Can cooler Streams, and greener Grottoes show,
 Can softer Beds afford, and fairer Flow'rs,
 More spacious Walks, and more convenient Bow'rs.
Mecca's IMPOSTOR cou'd not promise more,
 Or nobler Realms for suff'ring Saints explore,
 For Heavens less fair than THIS the *Muslim's* toil,
 And *Mussulmen* amidst their Labours smile.
 Such was your Seat, ye *first* of human Race,
 While Heav'n with Pleasure view'd the happy Place,
 E'er yet the gay untasted *Plague* was known,
 And undisturb'd the fair *deceitful* throne.

O! wou'd kind Heav'n be but so much my Friend,
To let my Life upon my Choice depend,
All my Ambition sure wou'd center here,
And in this darling Shade forget its Care.

The *Muse* the Noise of public Life disdains,
And seeks the sacred Silence of the Plains;
She loves in peaceful Solitude to dwell,
Recluse in Shades, or pensive in her Cell;
Conduct me then some friendly Pow'r above,
And fix me ever in this blissful GROVE;
Then shall the Muse a statelier Fabric raise,
And soar exulting with her Mansion's Praise;
Then what she now obscures shall be renown'd,
And JESUS GROVE thro' all the World resound.

D

THE

THE
LOVER.

AH me! what means these Tumalts in my
Breast!

Why shuns my Soul her sweet Returns of Rest!

No more my Bed its wonted Ease supplies,

Or gentle Slumbers seal my wakeful Eyes;

No more my Tongue its former Mirth retains,

Sighs interpose, or solemn Silence reigns;

Not Music's Charms can sooth my plaintive Woe,

Or stifle Tears incessant taught to flow;

The circling Hours glide unobserv'd away,

And Night unheeded still succeeds to Day;

No more my Closet, conscious of my Grief,

Or Books, turn'd o'er in vain, afford Relief:

Oft have I sought in Solitude for Ease,

The last blest Refuge for departing Peace;

But

But now, nor solitary Groves delight,
Nor aids the friendly Covert of the Night ;
Nor Shades, nor Streams my Passion can remove,
Too sure it is the *Lunacy* of LOVE.

Ah *Love!* thy grievous Torments who can bear ?
With speed conduct me to the lovely Fair,
Who fires my Soul, and gives me all my Care.
Till then the Time moves lazily away,
And each dull Minute measures out a Day ;
The slow Success of tedious Hours I mourn,
That scarcely lag along on leaden Pinions borne.

And what pert *Cynic* dares accuse my Flame,
Tho' stiff to Honour, and a Slave to Fame ?
Ev'n *Cato's* self might sink in Love like mine,
So fair the NYMPH, and almost All divine :
'Tis CELIA must my best Affections claim,
CELIA, dear, dreadful, lovely, fatal Name !

What Numbers shou'd adorn the faithful Verse,
That wou'd my CELIA's heav'nly Charms rehearse ?

In what soft Language shou'd my Thoughts be
 crown'd,
 Sweet as the *NYMPH*, and as the Theme renown'd?
 Ye Maids of *Helicon*, an awful Throng,
 Ye *Loves*, and *Graces* all assist my Song;
 But why shou'd I your needless Aid require,
 Or ask th' Assistance of a faithless Fire?
 Her Beauty sure can kindlier Warmth infuse,
 Direct the Poet, and compleat the Muse;
CELIA the Theme (tho' Nature shou'd deny)
 Wou'd smoothe th' unpolish'd Verse, and Harmony
 supply.

Hail lovely *NYMPH*! hail celebrated *FAIR*!
 For ever charming, and for ever dear!
 Pardon the Youth, who in ambitious Lays
 Aspires to Glory, while he sings your Praise;
 What Verse, that bears your Name, shall fail to take?
 All, love the *Writer*, for the *SUBJECT*'s sake.

In forming her Heav'n took peculiar Care,
 And copy'd from the loveliest Angel there,

Perfect

Perfect as if the beauteous Maid appears,
Fair as she's young, and wise beyond her Years.

Shall * *Sacharissa* rise in tuneful Strains,
Shine thro' the Groves, and animate the Plains?
Shall † *Delia* still in graceful Numbers move,
And sounds immortal, as the Poet's Love?
Shall ‖ *Cynthia's* Charms her mournful Death
survive?

And fair § *Corinna* yet for Ages live?
O had but *Waller* lovelier CELIA seen!
His *Sacharissa* had a † *Hoyden* been:
O had her Beauties once at *Rome* been shown!
Corinna then the World had never known:
Delia unsung had pass'd the Verge of Bloom,
And *Cynthia* sunk unpity'd to the Tomb.

In her bright Eyes celestial Light'nings play,
And shed around the brisk Returns of Day,

* *Waller's Mistress.* † *Tibullus's Mistress.* ‖ *Propertius's Mistress.*
§ *Ovid's Mistress.* † *A queer Country Girl in one of Vanbrugh's Plays.*

Where a sweet Croud of Loves triumphant reigns,
And ev'ry Glance a little Dart contains.

Let the stale Maid, with antiquated Grace,
Repair the Breaches of a ghastly Face;
Let *Ameranda's* strange Cosmetic Art
Colour and Fire to lifeless Charms impart :
Soon shall those borrow'd Airs destructive prove,
And pall the Fancies they a while may move:
Inglorious Charms! dull Creatures of a Night!
That Corners love, but hate the faithless Light!
While SHE, alone in native Charms array'd,
Defies the Pencil's false superfluous Aid;
No wanton Arts employ her happier Care,
Sweet without Pride, and innocently Fair.
True, on her Cheeks Vermilion's Shades appear,
But Nature 'twas, not Art, that fixt 'em there ;
A nat'ral White too joins the lovely Red,
Which in alternate Streaks the beauteous Face o'er-
spread.

Just

Just such the *Tulip*, when the rising Day
 Licks the cold Damps, and drives the Dews away,
 Salutes the welcome Sun, magnificently gay.

Where-e'er she breathes, Ambrosial Odours rise,
 Fill all around, and mount to distant Skies;
 Less fragrant Sweets the op'ning Rose exhales,
 Or odoriferous Wings of blest *Arabian* Gales.
 Ah happy *Shock*! that in her Bosom lies,
 And sucks the Effence of untainted Sighs!

But when she speaks, how ev'ry Bosom glows
 To hear what Wit in happy Language flows!
 Such are her Words, so full, so smooth, so clear,
 'Tis Heav'n to listen, and 'tis Heav'n to hear.
 When to her Lute the fam'd *Dorinda* sung,
 Around the Nymph the wond'ring Lovers throng;
 But when my CELIA all harmonious sings,
 Rude is *Dorinda's* Voice, and harsh her artless
 Strings.

O Heav'n ! with what a graceful Mein *SHE*
 moves !
 The Seat of Graces, and the Heav'n of Loves !
 What Symetry of Parts ! a slender Waist !
 Small by Degrees, and taper from the Breast !

But why shou'd I on single Features dwell,
 When all the Parts in the rare Piece excell ?
 Her Nature soft as ev'ry blooming Grace,
 Her Virgin Soul as spotless as her Face :
 Practis'd by her each Virtue grows more bright,
 And shines with more than it's own native Light :
 My Love— But hold, my daring Muse, no more
 To Heights too great, and Tasks unequal soar ;
 My feeble Pen demands an humbler Theme,
 A shady Grotto, or a purling Stream ;
 While CELIA's Praise a finer Pen requires,
 More noble Strains, and more exalted Fires ;
 Not *Waller's* Art cou'd such an Image draw,
 Or *Prior* mimic Charms he never saw.

The more I on each bright Perfection gaze,
The more I'm lost in Wonder and Amaze.

Thus when some pious *Soul* has wing'd its Way,
To the bright Regions of eternal Day;
There dazzling Words, and beauteous Orbs of Light
Shine greatly gay, and open to the Sight;
Omnipotence in awful State appears,
And kindly sooth's him with a Parent's Cares;
Surprizing Pleasures all around him rise,
Pour on his View, and fill the spacious Skies;
Silent he stands, unknowing what to praise,
Agreeably confus'd ten thousand Ways.

Now rise, ye Winds, and thro' the yielding Air,
Gently convey my Sighs to CELIA's Ear;
If where my fair One rests, ye chance to fly,
Then softly whisper, 'tis for her I die;
If neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Pray'rs can move,
Tell Her, from me, that she was born for Love.
Ah, if at last relenting she wou'd hear!
Heal my unquiet Soul, and answer all my Care!

NIGHT.

A N

Imitation of MILTON.

HAIL dreary Shades ! hail melancholy Gloom
Of NIGHT tremendous ! with Eternity

Coæval, and the first primordial Shock

Of Embryon *Atoms*, in Confusion hurl'd

Thro' *Chaos*' dark Domain ; who yet retains

Divided Empire with the *Day*, and rules

Each Hemisphere alternate ; while I sing

Thy Reign audacious, and presumptuous stray

Along thy dusky, solitary Paths

Cheerless and blind, each interposing Cloud

A while withdraw, and from the studded Roof

Of Heav'n's Expanse let ev'ry Star benign

It's friendly Aid afford ; the silver Moon

Pale Regent of the Night, that solemn moves

High in her silent Orb, nocturnal Sun,

Direct my wand'ring Steps ; and may the Verse

Not

Not faint beneath the Terrous of my Theme.
And now that Shades and ever-during Dark
Mantling furround me, thou celestial *Light*,
Shine inward, and with pervious Eye disperse
Mists comfortless and dull, and in each Pow'r
The Mind irradiate, that, with sprightly Note,
Of DARKNESS I may sing, and horrid NIGHT.
But not so dreadful seems the twilight Glimpse
Of SUMMER NIGHTS, when near the blushing Crab,
Appulse or Repulse, steers a kindlier Course.
The beamy Sun, who in his lengthen'd Round
Protracts the Day, and with fermenting Warmth
Calls forth the Flow'rs, that raise in various Forms
Millions of beauteous Landscapes; This I sing
Advent'rous first, this first deserves my Song.

And now the Sun, below th' Horizon fall'n
Precipitate, ting'd in the *Western* Sea
His fuming Rays, and with reflected Gold
Array'd and Purple his attendant Clouds
Enamell'd; sober *Twilight* hastens on

In russet Liv'ry clad; now from the Fields
 Repair the jocund Plowmen, and to Meads
 Refreshing, and transparent Streams drive on
 The lowing Oxe, weary and dry; the Swain
 His woolly Charge in careful Durance pens
 Rejoicing; with his Dog, faithful Compeer
 Whistling deceives the Way, and stalking on
 Hastens to Supper. While with swimming Gate
Jenny trips Home beneath the well-fill'd Pail;
 Her Descant shrill loud echoing to the Air,
 That with reverberating Force reflects
 In undulating Peals the grating Sounds,
 While Hills and Dales, Forests and Rivers ring.

Thus, but more tuneful, on the smooth Expanse
 Of chrystal Streams, a sportive *Flock* of Geese
 Loquacious skim the Pool, where if perchance
 With hideous Scream one louder than the rest
 Erect her Voice, another quick returns
 Response, a third th' Alarm with speed receives,
 Answ'ring the shrill Acclaim, till ev'ry one

Th' Infection catch, from ev'ry Quarter send ye
Their horrid Noise, and with united Yell
Shriek all around and eccho to the Skies.

Now from the Pans the fuming Steams ascend
Of thick'ning Pulse, or Pottage, strong Extract
Of many kinds of Flesh ; Pork, Beef, and Veal,
Or Mutton, healthful Viands ; down they sit
In rustic Order, and, with many a Laugh,
And clownish Joke, the homely Supper eat
Joyous and glad ; then rising take their Way,
Where some pure limpid Stream, gentle and deep
Glides smoothly on, and murmurs to the Banks.
The *Locusts*, warping in the Ev'ning Breeze,
Hum far along the Lawns, and round 'em buz
Incessant, till provok'd the angry *Churls*
Rush on 'em furious, and with flapping Hat
Arm'd haply then, the Wanderers chastise.

Now reach'd the Riv'let in impetuous Plunge
The Peasants, and rejoycing beat the Waves
Receding to the Stroke (the Waves resound)

They

They swim, they shriek, they talk, they rush about,
Then weak and weary seek the grassy Shore,
And for the Race prepare, th' irriguous Drops,
That cling along their Sides, to leave in Air,
And cleanse their Shoulders from the pendant Dew.

See now they start, and bounding from the Goal,
Skip o'er th' unbended Grass, exulting skim,
In swift Career, the soft extended Plain ;
Then back again with quiv'ring Feet return,
And, where they started, end the little Course.

Now hast'ning draw their various Garments on
Clouted with many a Patch ; thro' diff'rent Ways
Their destin'd Journies take ; some homeward bend,
To close the Day in sweet Divertisement ;
In the smooth Yard to whirl the faithful Bowl
Along the even Plain ; delightful Game,
That Nine-pins hight, long since in *Albion* known,
And famous ev'ry where ! or with the Maids
To hurl the party-colour'd Ball delight,

And

And catch the twisted Clue ; at *Easter* oft
The lov'd Diversion of the bleaky *North*.

Others, more grov'ling, to some *Inn* repair
To drown their Senses in th' oblivious Fumes
Of muddy Ale, and the more horrid Clouds
Of strong *Mundungus*, from the footy Tube
In smoaky Streams exhal'd ; here much they talk,
And much they swear ; inglorious hapless Crew !
Strangers to the lov'd Joys their Fellows taste !
One more refin'd to the lone Groves and Shades
Obsequious hastes, and at th' appointed Place
Some fav'rite *Mistress* meets, there gently sighs
And plaintive tells his Love, the ecchoing Gloom
Repeats his fond Complaints, the blushing *Nymph*
Trembling receives his Vows, with fault'ring Voice
She scarce denies ; he begs, she kinder grows,
Denies, yet gives her Hand ; the thrilling squeeze
Confirms her His, he smiles, they Both are pleas'd.

Hail soft *Retreats* ! hail dear sequester'd *Shades* !
How have I oft your silent Haunts survey'd

In Ev'ning Tide, to muse with cheerful Thought
 On Themes sublime! how from the darksome Womb
 Of *Nothing*, rose triumphant into View
 This beauteous *Scene* of Things! th' *Almighty*
 spake,
 And sudden, at the Word, Millions of *Worlds*
 Rush into *Being*: From the shapeless Lump
 Of unform'd *Chaos*, rude, forlorn, and waste,
 The *Earth* her Head above the dreary Waves
 Joyous uplifted; frait appear at once
 Trees, Herbs, and Grass, and Flow'rs of various
 Kinds
 Rising spontaneous: Straight the *Waters* feel
 Numberless Creatures glide thro' ouzy Paths,
 A *scaly Herd*; there vast *Behemoth* rolls
 His pond'rous Weight, and snorting, *Ocean* heaves.
 Quick from Confusion rose the feather'd *World*
 On soaring Wings, and waving Plumes upborn,
 To move aloof, and cut the liquid Air.

The

The *Sun*, bright Lamp of Heav'n, conspicuous
shone

Swift thro' the Gloom, self-ballanc'd in the midst;
Around him roll the *Planetary* Worlds

In Orbs concentric : But thou, parent *Earth*,

Chief favour'd seems of Heav'n, so haply plac'd,

That neither Heat, nor Cold extream perplex

Thy gentle Site; quick round Thee roll'd the *Moon*,

Faithful Concomitant; Myriads of *Stars*,

Spangling the Empyrean, strait display'd

Their glimm'ring Light, and told, tho' mute, the

Voice,

The Work Divine; *Beasts, Insects, creeping Things*

Innumerable rose, with awful *Man*,

The last and lordliest Creature, form'd by *God*

In his own Image and Similitude.

Hail pow'rful *God*! whose Wisdom infinite

O'er the vast Universe presides; by whom,

For whom, all Things that are, both are and were

Created; oft be these my Theme, to sing

Of these thy Wonders; raise my willing Song
Equal to what I think; that while I stray
Amidst these solitary Walks alone
Contemplative, the grateful World may hear,
And praise with me thy ever-glorious Name.
Hence ev'ry Lust, and fleshly Passion drive
Far into Night, and with paternal Care
Crush ev'ry raging Appetite that wars
Against the Spirit; and thou, in whose pure Sight
No Man is justify'd, whose Mercy far
As boundless Pow'r extends, if erring oft
Counter to thy Command, blindly I've run,
Forgive the dire Offence, and make me thine.
But hold, my *Muse*, a while the wond'rous
Theme

Forbear digressive, that with rapid Force
Hurries thee on, till in the winding Maze
Involv'd unweeting, thro' the pleasing Way
Thou scarce return'st to tread the destin'd Path.

Now

Now to the *Mall* repair the powder'd *Fops*
Taudry and gay, to breathe a purer Air,
All Day confin'd within the narrow Walls
Of crouded Garret, while the hated Din
Of Dun horrendous, conscious Ears assail
Incessantly ; now the full-bottom'd *Wig*,
The clouded *Cane*, and silver-hilted *Sword*
Triumphant Blaze, the faithful *Snuff-box* feels
The usual Gripe, and modish *Hat* employs
An useless Arm, th' obsequious cringing *Fool*
Salutes each surly *Lord*, with Congee low,
Unheeded and unknown, tho' bragging still
Of intimate Aggreſs, impertinent.
Æsor's Jackdaw thus shone in borrow'd Pride,
Plumes not her own, ridiculously great.

Hark how the jarring Din continuous roars
Of madding Wheels ; Chariots, and Coaches rush
Impetuous to the *Park*, there gently fail
O'er the smooth Plain, — silent, the splendid Show
I leave unsung, the noble Pomp of State,

The Blaze of Equipage untouch'd I pass
Dismay'd, descending to an humbler Theme.

But see, ah! see, from the thick West appear
Unfightly Clouds, bellying with Tempests foul
Brew'd far away; scouls with a deeper Gloom
The black'ning NIGHT; affrighted Nature shrinks;
The rumbling, rolling Thunder rends the Skies,
With dreadful Peals, while the fierce Light'ning
shoots

Livid, and drear; sudden at once descends
The founding Hurricane of Rains, around
Burst the big Damms and rolling Torrents roar.

Hapless the Traveller, that wand'ring far
In some lone Desert, joyless, and aghast
Views unprepar'd the Ev'ning Storm, nor finds
Fit Shelter, Rock, nor Tree, nor Hedge nor House.

Huge Uproar lords it uncontroll'd and wide,
Tall Forests wave, and struggling with the Blast
Shake to the Base! now stays the *Cottage-Swain*
Cheerful at Home, nor seeks the Plains of Floods

As

As erst, but taleful in the Corner sits,
Talks, sings, or whistles to the jovial Crew,
Compeers of Mirth, nor recks the rattling Storm,
That blust'ring rages round the sounding Hut.
Th' unharness'd Horses feed secure at Home,
Empty the *Park*, and unadorn'd the *Mall*
A pensive, sad, and solitary Waste.

But, *Muse*, no more these Horrors dire recount
Unwelcome, still, with Face serene and calm,
The furious Blast, ye drizzling Rains avaunt,
And Fogs, that whirling round, Infection oft,
And grim Contagion spread, humid and drear,
Vanish away, as ye had never been.

'Tis done, nought but the shady Gloom of
Night

Veils the Cerulean pure. The western Limb
Of the Horizon, yet a lighter Dark
Displays tenacious, till the rising Van
Of glimm'ring Hosts, in beautiful Array,
Hesper leads on; and see, the Firmament
O'er-spangled glows, and glisters thro' the Dusk.

How

How wonderful, great *God*, are all thy Works!
 Eternal Wisdom, Purity and Truth
 Shine forth in ev'ry Deed. Then why those
 Lights
 That faintly glitter, lovely to behold,
 Tho' scarce, united, give one useful Gleam
 To guide bewilder'd *Men*? Sure thy wise Hand,
 As *Suns* in Regions far remote, hast plac'd
 Each shining Orb, while *Planets* rolling round
 Informing Influence receive, and Worlds,
 Millions of Worlds thro' the immense Inane
 Rise all around, while other *Earths* are known,
 And living Creatures to admire thy vast,
 And infinite, Domain, unbounded wide,
 To praise thy Pow'r majestically great.

Oft from the North in battleous Array,
 Long *Trails of Light* their waving Streamers
 spread
 Through all the flaming Welkin, up on high
 The dunny Vollics skim the azure Roof

With

With bright career ; indissolubly firm
The seried Files, a dreadful Phalanx, move
Solemn and slow, oppos'd in grim Debate.
'Twixt Host and Host a bluey Interval
Looks dreadful, less'ning as the Quadrate hastes
To direful Conflict ; soon the baleful Vans
Assailing meet, impetuous rush to Fight.
Now Stream to Stream advanc'd with horrid
Shock

Struggle convulsive press the Rear-ward Troops
Upon the Van engag'd ; Confusion soon
And grisly Rout with foul Disorder spread
The Field of War, shot thro' the liquid Air
The gleamy Flashes shew the wild Uproar
Supernal Fights, portending Wars and Death,
(If superstitious *Fools* divine aright)
Famines and Plagues and Desolation sad.
Anon recoiling back with swift Retreat
The vanquish'd fled, till with new rallied Force
They face about, and Parthian-like, pursue

The

The late Pursuers ; soon in 'Concord join'd
The peaceful Troops in amicable Bands
Incorporate, and kindly Hand in Hand
Traverse the pure Expanse, then sportive soon
In mazy Rings the circling Dance essay
With nimble Wav'rings, in each various Form
Of Movement gay, confus'dly regular.
Whence these Effects their latent Causes draw,
Bright Scenes of Wonders if from smoaky Beds
Of min'ral Veins, the sulph'rous Fumes exhal'd,
In *Scandinavia*, from *Norwegian Hills*,
Or *Lapland's* bleaky Mountains, brew'd in Air,
Take Fire aloof, and hence these Lights arise,
As some have haply thought ; I leave unsung :
The Nat'ralist that mazy Source must trace.

But hark ! no Murmurs whistle thro' the Trees,
Unmov'd their Tops, unwaving to the Breath
Of sighing Breezes ; solemn Silence reigns
O'er all the Ball ; now gently stretch'd at Ease
Snores the tir'd *Peasant* on his homely Bed

Profoundly

Profoundly lost ; no interrupting Dreams
Disturb his Rest : While the soft *Virgin* sighs
For visionary Joys, and grieves and frets
At broken Vows, and perjur'd *Lovers* Moans.
The prosp'rous *Villain*, on his downy Couch
Careless reclin'd, seeks thy kind Hand in vain,
Thou drowsy *God*, in vain he folds his Arms
Impatient, and for filken Slumber calls.
Conscious, that restless Friend, too fierce within
Incessant burns, and with continuous Rage
Destroys each Avenue to Peace and Rest.

Now let me wander thro' the russet Lawns,
Thro' silent Meads, or solitary Glades ;
Prophetic Vales, or philosophic Gloom:
How does the lonely Horror of the NIGHT
Invite to Study ! with abstracted View
To follow Virtue, and to laugh at Vice,
Thro' distant *Causes* long *Effects* to trace,
And search the secret source of hidden *Things*.
Now drizzling *Dews* unnoted fall, moist'ning

The heat-chapt Earth, which with the *Morning* Sun
 Enamell'd beauteous, all her Face impearl;
 Pendant on ev'ry Branch the glitt'ring Threads
 Hang circular, the discontinuous Webs
 Cling all around, and sparkle to the *Moon*.

And see, the glorious *Light*, auspicious Lamp
 Of Heav'n, benign with cheerful Pace moves on,
 Pendulous in her Orb, the gladsome Rays
 Scatter diffusive thro' the dreary Dusk
 Directive Day, and with her borrow'd Gleams
 Supplies the Absence of the sleeping Sun.
 How pleasing now in ev'ry Bush and Brake
 To see the *Glow Worm* dart her living Rays,
 Terrestrial Star! and hid in moving Flame,
 Defy the Darknefs of the gloomy Night.

But hark! what heav'nly *Music* strikes my Ear
 Far thro' the Woodland Glade! what soft Com-
 plaints

Floate in the Air, and ravish all my Soul!
 'Tis she; 'tis *Philomela*, restless Bird,

Lone Wanderer, that each repeated Night,
Her sweet *Descant* renews, and to the Wood
For ever mourns; ev'n Horror smiles, and NIGHT
Seems lovely, here, ah ! here for ever rest;
Fixt on *thy* Notes I cou'd incessant dwell !
Bless the long Night, and curse the rising Day !

O'er the smooth Green the gliding *Fairies* dance
Their Moon-light *Rounds*, and revel all the Night
Intent on Mirth, which some belated *Swain*
Affrighted oft has seen, near a fair Fount,
Or Forest's Side : Now discontented *Ghosts*
In Church-yards dreary haunts, the shrowded Corps
Plaintive lament, or round th' embroider'd Beds
Of *Great-ones* flutter, and, with some sad Tale
Of Fate adverse, scream dreadful in their Ears.

But, *Muse*, a while to wintry Horrors turn
The Song of NIGHT, be the sad fullen Gloom,
Unfightly ghastly Scene the dreadful Theme.

And see ! the *Sun* in Storms and Tempests lost
Sinks to the Deep unseen ; Vapours and Clouds

Unlovely scoul while o'er the hard'ned Earth
 Bleak *Ice* and flaky *Snows* inclement spread
 Their cold Domain; the hungry *Cow* now seeks
 Her wonted Stall; and from the fatt'ning Barn
 Repairs the Household feath'ry *Flock*, all sad
 And daggled, perch'd beside the cackling Train
 Of *Females* sits the lordly *Cock*, nor heeds
 The whistling Blast that shakes his friendly Roof.

Now o'er th' enliv'ning Blaze the jocund *Swains*,
 Mixt with the cheerful *Nymphs*, strange Stories tell
 Alternate: *Ghosts* and *Apparitions* dire
 With faucer Eyes, which from the rolling Balls
 Dart Fire, with shaggy fable Skins furclad,
 Provoke amaze, and raise their swelling Thoughts.
 Of *People* late interr'd sad Tales recount,
 Who breaking from the Cearments of their Graves,
 Again return to walk the fated Earth:
 Of Midnight *Voices* heard, and Church-yard
Screams,
 Of dying *Groans*, and bloody *Battles* tell

Fought

Fought high in Air, and breaking from the Clouds:
Till scar'd the frighted Crew contiguous press,
Hang o'er the Fire, and start at ev'ry Noise.

Say, *Providence*, who dreadfully serene
Thy dark *Pavilion* o'er the silent NIGHT
Awful projectest, and on mighty Wings
Of Winds upborn, rides o'er the shadowy Copes
Exulting, say, why from the troubled Air
The babling *Demon's* Sounds, and Sighs and Groans
Still murmur frightful, why embody'd oft
They glide in Paths, or in unwholsome Grounds
Skriek o'er lone Isles, and trace the glimm'ring
Moon.

But this thy *Wisdom* hides from human Ken,
For some great End, in secret Purpose, meant,
Unknown to grov'ling Mortals here on Earth.

Now to the *Theatre* exulting run
In Crouds promiscuous all the modish *Tribe*;
Ladies and *Beaus* in long Procession move,
Coquets and *Cits*, with the more odious Glare

Of sparkling *Harlots*; rust'ling Silks are heard
 From ev'ry Corner, and the cooling Flap
 Of Fans innumerable; flash the Eyes
 With *Oglings*, love inspir'd, and many a Glance,
 See, to soft Sounds th' expected *Curtain* rise,
 Solemn and slow: Now various Passions throb
 In ev'ry Breast. While fair * *MONIMIA* mourns,
 Unfortunately good, and raving seeks
 Her poor *CASTALIO*, ev'ry gen'rous Fair
 A Tear will drop: When gentle † *MARCIA* grieves
 Mistaken for her *JUBA*, who not feels
 A real Pang, and bears a tender Part.
 When God-like *CATO* 'midst the Storms of *Fate*
 Undaunted stands, and braves the adverse Shock
 Of warring *Fortune*, in the common Wreck
 Sinking triumphant, how amaz'd I stand,
 And trembling wonder at the glorious Fall!
 Who mourns not || *JAFFEIR*, when 'midst griping
 Want

* In the *Orphan*. † In *Cato*. || In *Venice preserv'd*

His Virtue staggers, and reluctant falls
In the detested Snare to be undone?
Hark, Peals of Laughter ring from ev'ry Side;
While aukward * *FALSTAFF's* ill-projected Schemes
Of Love deceitful meet their due Reward,
Turmoil'd, and frighted into painful Sense.
In *Miniature* see human Nature shine
Thro' all its various Dresses, *Virtue* here,
Long-suffering a glorious *Recompence*
At length obtains; and *Vice*, tho' prosp'rous long,
Dire *Punishment* unweeting finds at last.

'Tis done : *Some* to the *Tavern* take their Way,
Companions of the Glas; there bright *Champaign*
And *Burgundy*, delicious Moisture, quaff,
Jocund and blith; on various Themes employ
Their little Wit, of many a *Lady* tell
Rude Tales familiar, and, with *Impudence*
Accustom'd, of untasted Favours boast.

* In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Others at *Cards* the tedious Ev'ning spend
 In battlcous Array : Sit at *Quadrille*
 Th' impatient Fair, or at *Picquet* expect
 Dependant Stakes ; here whole Estates at once
 Depos'd provoke the *Play*, exult their Hearts
 With Confidence and Hope elate, now Frowns,
 Now Smiles alternate, cheer each beaut'ous Face,
 Now Joy, now Rage, inconstant as the Chance
 Which rules the various Fortune of the *Game*.

The *Country-Squire*, late from the Chace return'd
 Weary and cold, hangs o'er his strong *March-Beer*,
 And to his wond'ring *Family* recounts
 The Pleasures of the Day, each mazy Round,
 Tells circumstantial ; traces ev'ry Step,
 Each Corner, Brake, Field, Fen, or Forest wide ;
 Then laughs aloud, pleas'd at the much-lov'd Sport.

But let a Rural, solitary, *Scene*,
 Abstracted from the World, silent unknown,
 Be my Retreat ; let lightsome Tapers chace
 The melancholly Gloom, and cheerful *Fires*

Soften

Soften the Rigour of the *Season* bleak.
There let me search with penetrating Thoughts
The *planetary Ways*, the starry *Tracts*
Unfold, the various Labours of the *Moon*,
And *Sun eclips'd*; whence heaves the trembling
Earth,
Whence rise the swelling *Tides*, that o'er the Shore
Tumultuous rush, and soon with calm *Reflux*
Gently subside alternate: Let me fit,
And hold high *Converse* with the learned *Works*
Of venerable *Sages*, glorious *Names*,
Of *ancient* Times, or *Moderns* much rever'd.
Long as I live, be all those useful *Books*
That please, instruct, or with Amendment good,
Corrupted Nature heal, my chiefest Care
To turn incessant, frequent let me read
Intent, and studious close the *inksome Day*.

All wan and pale the silver *Moon* appears,
Now gliding from the East, dispell'd the *Clouds*,
An unsubstantial *Circle* binds her round,

Sallow Compeer; twinkle the shud'ring Stars
 With pinching Cold; a lighter Azure veils
 The glowing *Aether*; better wanted Light!
 For oft, provok'd by thee, the thoughtless Boys,
 Intent on Play, along the faithless Ground
 Unguarded walk, sudden the tott'ring Feet
 Misguided glide along the slipp'ry Path,
 (Ruinous Chance!) and with Contusion dread
 Headlong the *Master* falls; now splinter'd Bones,
 Disjointed Members, or the livid Bruise
 A dismal Scene! appear; now Cries confus'd,
 Of *Child* and *Parent*, thro' the Dusk are heard,
 And add another Terror to the NIGHT.
 Behold yon sable Cloud o'erspread the Face
 Of gladsome *Cynthia*; o'er the gloomy World
 Brood dismal, dreadful, melancholly Shades
 Of Night inhospitable; not one Star
 Gleams friendly thro' the frozen *Welkin*;
 Sure Nature gasps, and all expiring Falls
 To first Confusion, and primæval Naught.

Now giddy *Traytors* oft in grand Consult
Spread *Machinations* dire, in *Darkness* hid,
To ruin *Nations*, or to murder *Kings*.
But thou, great *God*, Guardian of Majesty,
Upon themselves the black Contrivance turns,
In wrathful Judgment, quick into the Pit
Fall the plotting Diggers, and the Arm
Recoiling back shall pierce it's Master's Breast.

But chief for ever guard our *Second GEORGE*
From Peril sad; shield him, O all ye Powers,
That wait subservient to the grand Behests
Of Heav'n, bright Ministers of God, from Harm:
Around his Head let freshest Laurels grow,
Eternal Verdure; from his sacred Breast
Drive far away the *Villain's* secret Stab,
Secure in Peace; safe from the *Rebel's* Sword,
In War triumphant, for on him depends
The Peace of EUROPE, and the Fate of Worlds.

For thee too, TOWNSHEND, prays the pious
Muse,

Conscious of Worth, thy *Station* views with Joy,
 Observes thy *Watchings* and laborious *Toils*,
 Painful Pre-eminence, each constant Care,
 Only industrious for thy *Country's Good*.

Great WALPOLE next a tender Pray'r demands,
 Darling of Song: On *him* the Muses wait
 Incessant, and assiduous Sing *his* Name,
 Who serves his Country, while each noble *Art*
 Meet Recompence and due Admittance finds,
 And *Peace* with *Learning* Hand in Hand advance.

Now *Morpheus*, stretch thy dull lethargic Wand
 O'er all the drowsy Ball, add all the Force
 Of Peaceful Poppy, that unfelt the Air
 Inclement, and the chill Domain of Frost,
 A gentle Sleep may drown the yawning World.

'Tis done; all *Nature*, from her Work retir'd,
 Supinely nods, no Murmurs fan the Air,
 No Breezes whistle thro' the waving Trees
 Veering with ev'ry Blast, the silent Floods
 No longer whiz along the verdant Meads

Fast bound in icy Chains ; no Birds are heard
In Trees, or Bushes, but the horrid Noise
Of boding *Screech-Owls*, that with hideous Din
Thro' lonely Barns and ruin'd Buildings yell.

'Tis *Noon* of NIGHT, the cheerful *Cricket* chirps
Round the warm Hearth, and hops along the
Ground.

Now the fierce Beasts forbear abroad to roam,
Or prouling thro' the desolated Fields
To seek their Prey, but snoring in their Dens
Securely sleep, nor meditate the Chace.

Hail melancholly Scene ! direfully grim !
Awful as Death ! who can successful chaunt
The grizly Terrours of thy fable Reign ?
I shrink astounded, while in Semblance meet,
The solitary Shades of *Death* exprefs'd
In ev'ry Step I find ; the solemn Thought
Saddens my Flight, and damps the rising Muse.

But hark, the cheery, wakeful *Bird* of Morn
With Clangor shrill, and Salutation loud

Proclaims th' approach of DAY; the joyous Sound
Runs thro' the lonely NIGHT; affrighted *Ghosts*
Scud o'er the Lawn, by *Demogorgon* whipt
To adamantine Chains, and penal Fire,
All Day tormented sad; the fainting Stars
Turn paler, and as fearing the Approach
Of rising *Phœbus*, seem to swoon away.

Aurora soon, in rosy Vesture clad,
With orient Saffron strews the ruddy East,
Bright Harbinger of *Light*; the joyless Shades
No more appear, vanish the dusky Shrouds,
That veil'd the Face of Nature; *Lap-dogs* now
Steal from their Beds, and rouse their little Limbs;
Fly the glad *Poultry* from the warmsome Roost
Seeking the faithful Barn; now careful *Maids*
Rise to the Churn, or milk the lowing Herd
That court the Pail, the *Labourer* refresh'd
Hies joyous to his Work, nor reckes the Pains
Attend his Life, the Fruit of ev'ry Day.

See

See o'er yon Hill the stragling *Beams* appear
Athwart th' Horizon shot; till by Degrees,
Blushing at first, as fearing to be seen,
Slowly the *Sun* advances, fullen shews
His Aspect dim; but soon his wonted Face
Glorious regains, glowing in beaut'ous Pride,
And thro' the *Welkin* pours a Flood of Day.

Thus at the Last, when *Heav'n* with fervent Heat
Shall melt away, and *Earth* shall be no more,
Ministring *Angels* with the hallow'd Sound
Of heav'nly Trumpets, from ten thousand Mouths
Exulting blown, o'er all the sleeping World
Shall eccho dreadful, straight shall rise to Light
The mighty *Dead*; joyful shall first, th' *Elect*
Their lengthen'd Sleep forsake, the yawning Tombs
Disclose their *Inmates*; *Members* long disjoin'd
Unite again, and kindle into *Life*.
Others more slow their conscious Eyes unfold
Reluctant, wishing for eternal *Night*.

Till

Till thro' the Clouds, in terrible Array,
 Appears tremendous Heav'n's ALMIGHTY SON,
 Majestically Awful; *Grave*, no more
 Thy sting remains, each yields its breathing Dust,
 And *Death* is swallow'd up in Victory.



H O R A C E,

ODE I. BOOK I. *Imitated.*

Illustrious TOWNSHEND, born of noble Blood,
Patron of Verse the *Muse's* chiefest Good,
 Some Men delight *Olympic* Steeds to Train,
 And search for Honours thro' the dusty Plain;
 While the victorious *Hero* nicely flies
 The Obvious Goal, and Peals of Shouts arise,
 No more a Man, he *soars* above the Skies.
Another stands a Candidate for Fame,
 And strives with Care the giddy Mob to gain;

Others

Others rejoice in waving Fields of Corn,

A fruitful Harvest, and a crouded Barn.

And wou'd you try to tempt *these* to the Main,
Persuade with Bribes, and urge with Hopes of
Gain,

Not all the Riches of the East cou'd move
The stedfast Purpose which their Souls approve.

O happy *You!* the trembling Merchant cries,
When horrid *Death* stands glaring in his Eyes,
(His shatter'd *Barque* 'midst Shelves and Surges tost,
Far from the Haven of the wish'd-for Coast)

O happy *You!* who live at Home in Ease,

Nor try the Fury of the angry Seas;

But if at last he reach the distant Shore,

Refits his damag'd Ship, unable to be poor.

Another loves with Wine to cheer his Soul,

And drown his Sorrows in a friendly Bowl;

On Summer Days his Limbs supinely laid

Beneath the Covert of some cooling Shade,

Or else his careless Head inclin'd to Sleep,

Where gentle Streams in wanton Murmurs creep.

58 *HORACE*, Ode 1. *Imitated*.

Some love the Spear and glitt'ring Launce to wield,
And pant for Glory thro' the bloody Field;
Their Mothers trembling while they hear from far
The Sound of Trumpets, and the Shouts of War.

The eager *Huntsman* Frost and Snow disdains,
Nor Friend, nor Wife can tempt him from the
Plains,

He breaks thro' all, the Thicket to explore,
To hunt the crested Stag, or chace the foaming
Boar.

For *me*; let Ivy round my Temples twine,
Amidst the Gods in rival Pomp I'll shine;
Far from the Vulgar, in some shady Grove,
Where beauteous Nymphs and Satyrs dance and love,
I'll ever dwell; ye *Muses* string my Lyre,
And warm my Breast with sweet Poetic Fire;
Do you, great PATRON, favour what I write,
And free my Verse from dark inglorious Night;
Then wing'd with Fame I'll cleave the ambient Air,
And shroud my Head above the starry Sphere.

H O R A C E,

ODE 31. BOOK I.

PHOEBUS, what does thy *Poet* ask,
Propitious Pow'r divine,

When from the large capacious *Cask*

He pours the foaming Wine?

Content, not grudging to be poor,

He asks not *Flocks*, nor *Fields*,

Nor silent *Liris'* fruitful Shore,

Nor Riches *India* yields.

Let him, who has 'em, prune his Vines,

For I have none to prune,

And prefs his sweet *Calenian* Wines,

But as for me, I've none.

Wealth be the hardy *Merchant's* Lot,

Alone for Lucre bold,

Let him enjoy the Pelf he's got,

By vent'ring Life for Gold.

60 *HORACE, Ode 31. Imitated.*

Dear to the *Gods* ; for why ? He fails

Secure from Shore to Shore,

And scuds along with merry Gales,

Which quickly waft him o'er.

For me ; no Dainties on me wait,

Dish'd up in costly Ware,

Cold Herbs and Sallads are my Meat,

And such like homely Fare.

Then hear, indulgent *PHOEBUS*, hear,

('Tis small what I require)

Ah ! hear your *Poet's* humble Pray'r

And grant me my Desire.

I ask but Health, and Senses sound,

An easy quiet Mind,

That nought be wanting, nought abound,

A Heart to Good inclin'd.

That Understanding may remain

E'en to my dying Day,

That no Delirium seize my Brain,

When venerably Gray.

Some-

Sometimes to give my Cares a Loofe,

As Thou haft heretofore,

Keep ftill in Tune my *Harp* and *Voice*,

PHOEBUS, I ask no more.



A

PASTORAL

IN

Imitation of *VIRGIL's ALEXIS*.

ALas! no Drug, no Medicine e'er was found,
To heal the Burnings of a love-sick Wound;

No Herbs avail; no Skill, no pious Art,

Can ease the Achings of a bleeding Heart.

This DAMON found, (poor melancholly Swain !)

And thus lamented to the ruthless Plain.

Is CLOE cruel? Must I ftill complain?

Still mourn, ftill languish, and lament in Vain?

Can neither Sighs nor Tears her Pity move,

Still carelefs of my Vows, and deaf to Love?

Ah cruel *Heav'n*! ah partial *Pow'rs* above!

Now

Now happy *Gorydon*, in harmless Play,
 With *Sacharissa* spends the cheerful Day;
Mopsus and *Pbillis* trip the flow'ry Meads,
 Or taste the grateful Coolness of the Shades;
 While I in some inhospitable Cell,
 Where lonely Cares and gloomy Horrors dwell,
 Mad without Hope, and frantic with Despair,
 Accuse my *Love*, and ev'ry fatal Star.

My *CLOE's* Image burns within my Breast,
 'Tis she deprives my troubled Soul of Rest;
 Her charming Beauty, and her cold Disdain
 Torment my Heart, and give me all my Pain.

Ah! had some other *Nymph* but caus'd my Care,
 Some less inhuman, tho', perhaps, less fair;
 Sure long e'er now beneath the curling Vine,
 My Love had join'd her plighted Hands with mine.

O was your Heart conforming to your Face!
 Your Nature soft as ev'ry blooming Grace!
 As you are fair, ah! were you half so true,
 'Twere Heav'n to live, 'twere Heav'n to die with
 you. Blush

Blush not, sweet *Nymph* to bless a *Shepherd's*
Arms,

With your unfully'd, your immortal Charms ;
Adonis, whilst his bleating Charge he fed,
Carefs'd a *Goddeſs* in his homely *Bed*.

A thousand *Ewes* my crouded Folds contain,
A thousand *Lambkins* frisk upon the Plain ;
Twenty stout *Bullocks* graze along the Meads,
And each his twenty beauteous *Heifers* leads ;
Two speckled *Fawns* tame to your Hands I feed,
The best and faireſt of the horned Breed :
My tuneful *Flute*, and my more tuneful *Tongue*,
Shall pleaſe your Ears with many a rural Song.

Come then, my *Fair*, viſit thoſe happy Plains,
Where harmleſs Mirth, and youthful Pleaſure
reigns ;
The faithful *Nymph*, and *Shepherd* nightly dreams
Of painted *Grottos*, and of purling *Streams* ;
Who calmly wander, where there Fancy leads,
Thro' ſhady *Lawns*, and ever verdant *Meads* ;

Thro'

Thro' checquer'd Beds of odoriferous *Flowers*,
 Thro' Laurel Groves, and Amaranthine *Bow'rs*;
 Where the cool Fanning of the Ev'ning Breeze
 In gentle Murmurs whispers thro' the Trees;
 Where pensive Nightingales alone complain,
 And chant their Dirges in a plaintive Strain,
 The Dairy-Maid's Delight, and Joy of ev'ry
 Swain.

Ye lovely *Nymphs* who haunt the shady Woods,
 Or search the Margin of the silver Floods,
 Sweet *Violets* and blushing *Roses* bring,
 Crop all the verdant *Glories* of the Spring,
 Fair to the Sight, or gratefull to the smell,
 The snowy *Lilly*, and the *Daffadil*,
Primroses, *Poppies*, *Hyacinths* prepare,
 To make a graceful *Nossegay* for my *Dear*.

'Tis all in Vain; my *CLOE* still disdains,
 Scorns my Complaints, and mocks my fruitless
 Pains.

Farewell,

Farewel, ye shady solitary Groves,
 Ye *Woods* and *Rivers* conscious of my *Loves*;
 Farewel, ye Pleasures, which the Country yields,
 Ye verdant Pastures, and ye fruitful Fields;
 Adieu, ye happy rural *Swains*, and you,
 My little *Flock*, and joyless *World* adieu:
 My Days I'll spend in some sad lonely Cave,
 As dark and dismal as the silent Grave,
 And make the dreary melancholly Gloom
 My House, while living, and when dead, my Tomb,
 Hence lead to some inhospitable Shore,
 Where Woman never breath'd and Love shall
 sigh no more.

What Frenzy *foolish Shepherd*, heats thy
 Brain?

Think not in Solitude to ease thy Pain,
 Chear up, and bear thy Suff'rings like a Man.
 Make haste to loose the Oxen from the Plough,
 The Night draws on, and the dim Sun grows low:
 Mind what is needful, and what Life requires,
 And strive to quench these long successful Fires;

Repine no more at haughty CLOE's Scorn,
 Forget her Coyness, and forbear to mourn;
 Then shall some kind indulgent Pow'r above
 Procure (tho' not so fair) an easier Love.



A

LOVE SONG.

ASSIST me, gentle God of Love,
 A while unstring thy deadly Bow,
 And soft descending from above,
 Kindly sooth my plaintive Woe.

Hail *Venus!* Queen of Cyprian Groves,
 And Goddess of the Paphian Tow'rs,
 Borne on the Wings of harness'd Doves.

A while forget thy roseate Bow'rs.

If ever ye have kindly heard

(Propitious to a Lover's Vow)

A Pray'r in deep Distress preferr'd,

Ye friendly Powers hear me now.

Why

Why is she fair, for whom I grieve!

Ah! why is CÆLIA heav'nly fair!

If, while her Eyes with Hope relieve,

Her cruel Heart assures Despair!

Her Eyes are hid in Flames of Fire,

So is her Heart in Hills of Snow:

Thus doom'd betwixt Extreams t' expire,

Dying I'm burnt, and frozen too.

Then pitying Pow'rs your vot'ry Ease,

Reverse the dreadful Fate I mourn,

Give CÆLIA'S Heart less Pow'r to freeze,

Or give her Eyes less Pow'r to burn.



The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.

TO Heav'n I will direct my pious Pray'rs,
 Usher'd in Anguish, and preferr'd in Tears;
 Th' *Almighty* sure a gentle Ear will lend,
 And all-forgiving from his Throne descend;

68 *The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.*

When *sad Afflictions* round my Dwelling spread,
I sought the *Lord*, and fervent begg'd for Aid;
My *pensive Soul* no Sense of Comfort found,
But galling Tears incessant sought the Ground.

With Grief oppress'd, ah ! let my Soul complain,
And in repentant Sighs to God refer my Pain.

Stranger to Rest I press my conscious Bed,
My feeble Voice in solemn Silence dead.

Past Days of Joy with soft Regret I mourn,
And sigh for Years that shall no more return ;
When o'er the Harp an easy Hand I flung,
And Sounds immortal triumph'd on my Tongue :
When, ah ! my Sins, Source of my Woes affright,
Adding new Terror to the silent Night.

But will the *Lord* no more in Peace appear,
Deaf to my Cries, and ruthless to my Pray'r ?

Shall *God* no more his tender Mercies show,
False to his Word, and faithless to his Vow ?
Has awful Justice all my God ingross'd,
To Love deficient, and to Kindness lost ?

Then

The 77th PSALM Paraphrased. 69

Then said I, *Lord*, thy Judgments all are just,
Fruits of my Sins, and Children of my Lust;
But on thy Works a conscious Thought I'll cast,
With Joy reflect on all thy Wonders past;
Thy Acts, O *Lord*, with Pleasure I'll survey,
And in eternal Sounds thro' all the World display.

Pure are thy sacred Ways, great *God*, and true,
For Justice still does ev'ry Step pursue;
What God in Majesty like ours appears?
Great, as he's Great, and un-impair'd by Years?

The Laws of Nature thy Commands obey,
At thy dread Word forsake their antient Way:
This *Aegypt* saw, reluctant now no more,
Admir'd thy Wonders, and confess thy Pow'r.

Thy mighty Arm the Sons of *Jacob* found,
Joseph's glad Seed the blest *Deliv'rance* own'd.

At thy Approach the troubled Waters fled,
Ev'n *Ocean* trembled in his oozy Bed:
The low'ring Clouds dissolv'd in Floods of Rain,
When all the Terrors of thy Plagues were seen;

O'er

70 *The 77th PSALM Paraphrased.*

O'er all the Land vast Peals of Thunder roll,
And the blue Light'ning shot from Pole to Pole;
The Earth it self with dreadful Heavings strove,
While everlasting Hills from their Foundations
move.

The Sea's dark Paths thy secret Footsteps know,
Those unseen Tracks where circling Waters flow,
And as his Sheep the careful Shepherd leads
To verdant Pastures, and to fruitful Meads,
So thou, great God, thy chosen right-hand Race
To promis'd *Canaan* safely brought'st in Peace,
While *Amram's* Sons, with kind conducting Care,
Explor'd th' untrodden Path, and laid the Desert
bare.



Part of the Third Chapter of JOB
Paraphrased.

Curst be the Time I left my peaceful Gloom,
And burst the Barriers of the silent Womb;

Unknown

Unknown in Annals be the fatal *Day*,

And woful *Night* steal unobserv'd away.

Still may that *Day*, thro' each revolving Year,

Black pitchy Clouds and mournful Sables wear;

Far hence each cheerful Gleam of Light remove,

For ever blotted from the Books above;

Let *Death* project a melancholly Shade,

Confusion rise, and Pale Amazement spread:

Th' unhallow'd *Night* let dark Oblivion feize,

Cut from the Year an Enemy to Peace;

Fly Music hence, hence ev'ry sprightly Strain,

And a dumb solitary Silence reign.

Both *Night* and *Day* ye Sons of Mourning curse,

And thro' the Dusk your baleful Groans rehearse;

Let sick'ning Stars no twinkling Beams display,

Nor the long Twilight ever dawn to Day:

For then, alas! I hasten'd to be born,

For that I sorrow, and for that I mourn.

Why came I not an *Embryo* from the Womb,

Dead into Light, and born into a Tomb?

Ah!

Ah! why did *Death* the friendly Stroke delay,
While on the Breasts I hung, or on the Knees I lay.

Ah! Death! had I then felt thy cold Embrace,
Now had I slept, now had I been at Peace.

There Kings and Rulers undistinguish'd lay,
With Subjects, now as great in Dust as they ;

There wealthy Princes leave their hoarded Ore,
No more they covet, and they fear no more.

Such had I been, unconscious happy Shade,
As one unknown, long since in Silence laid.

The weary *there* their stiffned Limbs compose,
And wakeful Eyes in decent Slumbers close :

'Tis one long Quiet, one eternal Rest,
Nor Bad oppressing, nor the Good oppress'd ;

The *Pris'ner there* no more in Bonds complains,
But smiles in Freedom, and forgets his Chains :

There Great and Small, one common Carnage lie,
All tread the destin'd Way, for all are doom'd to Die.

Why shou'd he live, that only lives to mourn,
Inur'd to Trouble, and to Anguish born ?

Why

Why spins he out a lengthen'd Tale of Years
 Thro' Floods of Sorrows, and thro' Vales of Tears?
 Who seeks with Pains the kind Retreats of Death,
 And digs for Corners to repose his Breath?
 Who joys the peaceful *Summons* to receive,
 And sinks with Pleasure to the silent Grave?
 Why shou'd he live a Monument of Hate,
 Whom Heav'n, oppresses, and consigns to Fate?
 Afflictive Sighs my sad Repasts prevent,
 Forgot my Meals, and all on Grief intent:
 With howling Groans incessantly I roar,
 Like rumbling Billows breaking on the Shore:
 For, ah! at length the dreadful Plagues are here,
 So long my Terror, and so long my Fear:
 Immers'd in Ills, nor Peace, nor Rest I know,
 Lost in a long Variety of Woe.



*Part of the 7th Chapter of JOB
Paraphrased.*

An Imitation of MILTON's Stile.

HAS not the *Lord* a stated Time decreed
For Man on Earth? Are not his fated Days,
As of an Hireling, pre-ordain'd before?

As weary *Servants* seek refreshing Shades
Impatient, and the faithful Hireling waits
Expectant the Reward of tedious Toil;
So Days of Vanity my Steps pursue
Attendant, and the irksome Gall of Nights
Ungrateful, are allotted. When my Bed
Receives my weary'd Limbs, I wish for Day,
With Groans unutterable: Sleep denies
His friendly Aid reluctant; Foe to Rest
I pass the hated Night, and rise to Woe.

With stinking Worms, and putrifying Sores,
My Skin is broken and corrupted Flesh
Looks loathsome to the Sight. Swift glide my
Days Hope-

Hopeless along, as from the *Weaver's* Hand
The hast'ning Shuttle. Think upon my Life,
As on a Blast of Wind, which rushing by,
Is gone for ever; and my faded Eyes
No more shall ope to Good. Shut out from *Men*,
A recreant Shade, in dark Oblivion lost,
No more shall I be seen; thy watchful Eye,
In all the dreadful Pomp of Terror clad,
Shall strike me to my first *primæval* Nought.

As hazy Mists, or unsubstantial Clouds
Diffolving vanish, and return no more
To paint in lovely Streaks the concave Roof
Of Heav'n's Expanse; so he, who to the Grave,
Yawning horrendous, silent sinks in Death,
No more shall view the cheerful Glimpse of Day,
Breathing ethereal Air; unknown his Place.

Then will I speak, and from the solemn Dumps
Of Silence rise to Voice, with Grief oppress'd,
And in the Bitterness of Soul complain.

*Part of the 7th Chapter of JOB
Paraphrased.*

An Imitation of MILTON's Stile.

HAS not the *Lord* a stated Time decreed
For Man on Earth? Are not his fated Days,
As of an Hireling, pre-ordain'd before?

As weary *Servants* seek refreshing Shades
Impatient, and the faithful Hireling waits
Expectant the Reward of tedious Toil;
So Days of Vanity my Steps pursue
Attendant, and the irksome Gall of Nights
Ungrateful, are allotted. When my Bed
Receives my weary'd Limbs, I wish for Day,
With Groans unutterable: Sleep denies
His friendly Aid reluctant; Foe to Rest
I pass the hated Night, and rise to Woe.

With stinking Worms, and putrifying Sores,
My Skin is broken and corrupted Flesh
Looks loathsome to the Sight. Swift glide my
Days Hope-

Hopeless along, as from the *Weaver's* Hand
The hast'ning Shuttle. Think upon my Life,
As on a Blast of Wind, which rushing by,
Is gone for ever; and my faded Eyes
No more shall ope to Good. Shut out from *Men*,
A recreant Shade, in dark Oblivion lost,
No more shall I be seen; thy watchful Eye,
In all the dreadful Pomp of Terror clad,
Shall strike me to my first *primæval* Nought.

As hazy Mists, or unsubstantial Clouds
Dissolving vanish, and return no more
To paint in lovely Streaks the concave Roof
Of Heav'n's Expanse; so he, who to the Grave,
Yawning horrendous, silent sinks in Death,
No more shall view the cheerful Glimpse of Day,
Breathing ethereal Air; unknown his Place.

Then will I speak, and from the solemn Dumps
Of Silence rise to Voice, with Grief oppress'd,
And in the Bitterness of Soul complain.

76 *JOB, Chap. 7th Paraphrased.*

Am I a *Sea*, or *Whale*, that thus, O *Lord*,
Thou watchest all my *Motions*, and each *Step*
Employs th' *Observance* of a wakeful *Guard*.

Oft have I sought my solitary *Bed*
With weary *Limbs*, and on my downy *Couch*
Repos'd my troubled *Members* ; if perchance
The healing *Balm* of *Comfort* might be found
In silken *Slumbers* ; but e'en there, O *God*,
Thy vengeful *Hand*, with terrifying *Dreams*
Torments me, and with *Visions*, horrid *Shock* !
Pursues my frightened *Soul* ; ah ! let me then
To the dark *Caverns* of the *Grave* descend
In everlasting *Night* ; for, O ! I loath
The hated *Light*, and cannot think to live
For ever ; *Lord*, thy mighty *Arm* withdraw,
That holds me up in *Life*, and let me be,
As I have never been ; for all my *Days*
Are nothing, and my *Years* are *Vanity*.



I N

Obitum H. C. Coll. *Eman. Cant.*
quondam ALUMNI.

ILLICIS umbrosæ grato sub tegmine stratus,
Forte caput cubito sultus, dum *Phillida* charam,
Phillida formosam reputo, dum mille revolve
Grato-lascivas artes, incondita solus
Hæc cecinit *Damon*, suspiria pectore ducens.

Concidit (heu!) nimium miserando funere

Daphnis,

Concidit æternis lacrymis lugendus, iniquo
Præreptus fato; vos, O! immitia divum
Numina, vosque licet crudelia, sidera, dicam!

Dicite *Pierides*, pro *Daphnide* dicite carmen.

Daphnidis O quondam focii, clarissima turba
Doctorum, nostis quam longæ tempora vitæ,

Si

Si fors dura sinat, meruit, melioraque dignus
Cui fortuna daret; nostis quam quærere solers
Astrorum cursus, occultaque pandere rerum
Daphnis erat, summique aperire cubilia cæli.

Dicite, *Pierides*, &c.

Heu miserande puer! quid jam tibi profuit olim
Ærias tentasse domos, solisque labores,
Lunamque errantem scrutari, luce micantem
Reflexâ solis? quid prorsus dicere quænam
Ora gerat; pleno gaudens splendescere disco,
Vel jam mutatâ gestans sua cornua fronte?
Jam claros *Phæbi* radios intercîpit orbis
Telluris, *Phœbeque* suo latet abdita vultu
Velato, tristi & terrarum ex palluit Umbrâ,
Jam contra, *Phæbus* nigrâ caligine merfus
Avertit radios; patitur nec *Cynthia* nobis
Interjecta diem præbere, aut condere lucem,
Heu! tibi curâ horum varias perquirere causas
Nil veluit, nil te veluit tam flebile fatum,
Tam subitum? tantæque animis cælestibus iræ?

Dicite, *Pierides*, &c.

Umbrosi

Umbrosi fontes, & sacrae manibus umbræ,
 Vos *Dryades*, sylvæque ipse, vos littora *Camii*
 Undique tranquilli; vos O juga saxea rupum,
 Vos tumidi fluctus, & flecti vocibus olim
Hyrcae tigres doctæ, torvique leones,
 Ploretis, cuncti ploretis *Daphnida* functum.

Dicite, *Pierides*, &c.

Vos superi testes, & conscia numina testes,
 Vos venerandæ ædes, & tota *Academia* nostis
 Quam dignum lucta fatum est; date lillia, *Nymphæ*,
 Purpureosque *rosæ* flores, mollemque *hyacinthum*,
 Queis spargam tumulum quo charus dormit amicus,
 Hæc faciam mærens & munere fungar inani.

Dicite, *Pierides*, &c.

Vos sacri manes æternâ pace fruentes
 Sedibus *Elysi*, vos Umbræ, Animæq; piorum,
 Ducite per sylvas virides jam *Daphnida* charum,
 Ducite per gedidos fontes, lenique fufurro
 Stridentes undas, nemora & spirantia *Amomum*:

Audiat

Audiat hic suaves cantus, aviumque querelas;
 Hic videat flores radiantes usque colore
 Vivaci, ver perpetuum, cælumque serenum:
 Hic vivat felix: nulla hic turbata dolore
 Umbra gemit, nullique volant super æra luctus.
 Chære vale, jam *Daphni* vale — nec plura reluctans
 Jam potuit *Damon*, nam surgens *Vesper Olympo*
 Cogere oves stabulis jussit, numerumque referre!

F I N I S.

